

A DAUGHTER OF MYSTERY

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Wilbur Leslie, employed in the firm of Barrington & Sons, finds between the pages of a book, drawn from a public library, the photograph of a remarkably beautiful girl, whom he determines to seek out and win. His friend, Steve Clayton, lawyer and amateur detective, who promises to help him, calls his attention to the fact that the picture was taken in Rome. Shortly afterward a villainous-looking Italian, purporting to come from the library, calls on Leslie and demands the instant return of the book, which Leslie refuses to give up. The next day, while he is gazing fondly on the portrait at the office, Arthur Barrington, junior partner in the firm, first declines to surrender it, and is presently amazed to behold in a caller of Arthur's the same evil-visaged Italian.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SENIOR PARTNER.
HASTILY muttering an excuse to his elder brother, Arthur Barrington obediently followed the villainous looking visitor out of the office.

After the door had closed behind them, Frank Barrington turned to Wilbur. "Now, Frank, Leslie," he said quietly, "what that row was about, I know that my brother did not tell me the truth just now. I could see that you were not fooling by any means. The pair of you were in deadly earnest. There was murder in your eye. If I had not interrupted you just now you would have struck my brother with your rule you still hold in your hand. Tell me what was the trouble between you."

"If you please, Mr. Barrington, I'd rather not tell you," replied Wilbur. "Be kind enough to let the matter rest, I assure you, however, that I was not to blame, sir."

"I believe you, Leslie," replied the senior partner, kindly. "I am sure that, whatever the row was about, my brother was at fault. I am getting heartily tired of his behavior. He is making himself more and more objectionable every day, and I don't intend to put up with his conduct much longer."

"Oh, I guess he doesn't mean any harm, sir," ventured Wilbur, meekly, "secretly amazed that Frank Barrington should have spoken so bitterly about his younger brother and business partner, to him, a mere employee."

Frank Barrington was ten years older than Arthur, and utterly unlike him both in appearance and disposition. He was tall and lean and of dark complexion. His eyes were small and beady, his chin long and protruding. There was something about his features which suggested a fox.

In marked contrast to his younger brother, he was strictly attentive to business. Unlike Arthur, too, he was parsimonious to such a degree that his enemies accused him of being a miser. He was not at all careful about his attire, and generally wore clothes which were ill-fitting and almost shabby.

He had few friends—men of his type seldom have. His nature was cold and reticent and exceedingly mistrustful. He was totally devoid of sentiment.

When old Barrington died he had left his wholesale diamond business to his two sons, recognizing the elder's superior business capacity to the extent of giving him the controlling voice in the affairs of the firm.

Although Frank and Arthur were brothers, there was very little love lost between them. They were always quarreling. Arthur almost despised his elder brother, because of his parsimony and narrow-mindedness; Frank regarded Arthur with intolerance bordering on contempt, because the latter was such a poor business man and so prodigal with his money.

Wilbur Leslie knew that this feeling existed between his two employers, but this was the first time that one partner had gone to the length of taking him into his confidence concerning the other.

Therefore, he was amazed and felt, it must be confessed, decidedly uncomfortable. His surprise, increased at Frank Barrington's next words.

"Since it is your wish, I will not press you for an explanation of your quarrel with my brother," he said. "We will let the matter rest, as you request."

"But since you have quarreled with him, Leslie, you ought to be all the more ready to do what I am going to ask of you."

"I want you to do me a favor. I wish you to keep a close watch on my brother in future. I want you to be able to report to me everything he does."

"I shouldn't like to do that, Mr. Barrington," protested the astonished clerk. "I have no desire to act the part of a spy. And, besides, it wouldn't be at all right. You are forgetting, surely, that Mr. Arthur is the junior partner of this firm, while I am only a humble employee. It would be most humiliating for him to know that he was being watched and informed on by me. I don't believe that a man of his proud spirit would tolerate it."

"He must not know that you are watching him," replied Frank Barrington, with emphasis. "You must be very careful not to arouse his suspicions, Leslie. I am entrusting you with this task because I know that you are shrewd and careful."

"But I do not want to do it," declared Wilbur. "It would go sorely against my grain. You had better get somebody else for the job. Mr. Barrington, it doesn't appeal to me at all."

"Don't be a fool, Leslie!" exclaimed the senior partner impatiently. "There is nothing wrong in what I am asking of you. It is for the welfare of the house."

"I don't mind confiding to you that the firm of Barrington & Sons is on its last legs. We are face to face with bankruptcy. If we manage to pull through it will be by the skin of our teeth. And I doubt very much whether we shall be able to pull through at all."

"Oh, surely things are not quite as bad as that, sir," exclaimed Wilbur in alarm.

"Yes, they are," replied Frank Barrington, bitterly. "You might as well know the truth. And it is largely due to my brother that we are in such dire straits. His cursed recklessness and extravagances have pretty near ruined the firm."

"And it is for this reason that you want me to watch his movements in future?" inquired Wilbur.

"Yes, he acts like a child, and therefore deserves to be treated as such. If it wasn't for the terms of our father's will I would dissolve the partnership and throw him out of the

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firm altogether. As I can not do that, I must keep him in check as much as possible."

"And in what respect do you wish me to watch him, Mr. Frank?" inquired Wilbur.

"I want you to note carefully what time he arrives at the office every day and what time he leaves. I want you to note what he does while he is here, whom he communicates with by telephone and who calls to see him."

"Is that all?" inquired Wilbur dryly. "No; there is one other thing, Leslie—the most important of all, in fact."

The senior partner looked carefully about the room, as though to make sure that nobody was within earshot. Then he approached closer to Wilbur and lowered his voice almost to a whisper.

"I expect a new stenographer here soon, Leslie, to take the place of Miss Winters. You know why Miss Winters left us—because she would not tolerate the persistent and unwelcome advances of my brother."

Wilbur nodded. Miss Winters had made no secret of her reason for quitting the employ of Barrington & Sons. She was by no means the first young woman who had handed in her resignation to Frank Barrington in a spirit of burning and righteous indignation because of the flirtatious tendencies of the junior partner.

There were other girl stenographers. Wilbur recollected, who had not been at all averse to accepting the attentions of the handsome young member of the firm. Frank Barrington had fired most of these. As has been said, he was not a man of sentiment and would not tolerate any such behavior in the office.

"So you expect a new stenographer here soon, eh, sir?" remarked Wilbur, observing that his employer paused, "is it going to be a young man this time? I remember that when Miss Winters left you vowed that you would never again employ another girl in this office."

"Did I say that?" said the senior partner. "Well, if I did, I have changed my mind. The new stenographer is a young woman. It is in regard to her that I want you to watch my brother most particularly."

"You want me to let you know whether he pays her attentions?"

"I want you to take note of every word that my brother says to her. I want you to repeat to me every word that she says to him. I want to know how he escorts her home after office hours. I want to know if he offers to take her to the theater. I want you to report to me each evening how my brother and the new stenographer are getting along together. Do you understand me, Leslie?"

"Yes, I understand you, Mr. Frank; but I can't say that I relish such a mean task. You are trying to make a sort of stool pigeon out of me. Are you sure that this is absolutely necessary?"

"Yes, it is of the very greatest importance. You must do it, Leslie. I don't mind admitting to you that there is a great deal more to this than appears on the surface. It isn't just a case of keeping tab on my brother's extravagances. There is a great deal more behind this request of mine—something of the utmost importance which I am not at liberty to explain to you."

"You are sure that it is strictly for the welfare of the firm, Mr. Barrington?"

"Yes, of course, it is," replied the senior partner, eagerly. "You will do this for me, won't you, Leslie? You will let me know every word that my brother exchanges with the new stenographer. You will keep me informed of every look that passes between them? I know that I can rely upon you. You have always been faithful and devoted to the firm's interests."

"I will do my best to carry out your wishes, sir," declared Wilbur. "But I must say again, Mr. Barrington, that you have set me a most obnoxious task."

"I realize that, my boy," replied the other. "But do this work well. I will give you that raise of salary I promised you—as soon as business improves."

"You must be very careful, Leslie, not to let my brother or the new stenographer catch on to the fact that you are watching them. You won't forget that, will you?"

"No, I'll do my best to prevent that, for my own sake as well as for yours, sir," replied Wilbur.

"Very good, Leslie. I am very much obliged to you."

Frank Barrington turned on his heel and went into his private office, rubbing his hands softly together.

It occurred to Wilbur Leslie that never before had the face of the senior partner borne such a striking resemblance to that of a fox.

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING SURPRISE.
A FEW minutes later the telephone bell rang and Wilbur went to the instrument.

"Hello!" he called to Wilbur. "Inquired a familiar voice on the other end of the wire."

"Hello, Steve!" cried Leslie joyfully. "I am awfully glad you called up. What success have you had?"

"Not much—as yet. Can you take lunch with me? If so, I'll call around at your office in ten minutes. We can talk things over as we eat."

"Yes, come around. I have something important to tell you, too."

Half an hour later Wilbur sat in a quiet little restaurant on William street, talking to his friend Steve Clayton, the extraordinary happenings of the morning.

Clayton listened to his recital with great interest.

"Humph!" he exclaimed as his friend concluded. "So your employer, Arthur Barrington, wanted that photograph so badly that he has actually prepared to take it from you by force, eh?"

Wilbur nodded.

"And you ought to have seen his

face when he first saw that picture, Steve. He looked like a madman. I never saw him look that way before. What do you think it means?"

"I can't tell you yet, its mighty queer. He knows the girl, of course, and I'll wager he's up to some villainy concerning her. I've always told you that the Barringtons were scoundrels. It's written on their faces. And you are sure, Wilbur, that the man you called to see him this morning was the sinister-looking fellow who visited us last night?"

"Yes, I am positive of it. There isn't the slightest doubt about that; it's the same fellow. Why, I even noticed that ugly scar on his forehead. You remember that one visitor last night had such a scar, Steve?"

"Yes, I remember that perfectly. Well, it is very clear that Arthur Barrington and that Italian are in league in some undertaking in which that beautiful girl is involved. It looks as if it must be a pretty desperate undertaking, too, inasmuch as the conspirators have not hesitated to commit fraud, burglary and personal violence in order to get possession of that photograph."

"It is self-evident that that photograph must play a very important part in their game. This has become a very pretty mystery. We have got to get to the bottom of it, old man."

"What have you learned about the girl, Steve?" inquired Wilbur, eagerly.

"You haven't told me yet the result of your visit to Mrs. Martin."

"There isn't much to tell. I regret to say Mrs. Martin knows nothing about the girl or the villainous-looking Italian or the photograph in the library book."

"Are you sure that she was telling you the truth?" asked Wilbur, in keen disappointment.

"Oh, yes, I feel satisfied as to that. She is a nice, pleasant, simple old lady—not at all one of the deep sort. She keeps a boarding house at 612 Merville street, the address the librarian gave us."

"When I called there she received me very kindly, although she seemed surprised when I communicated to her the object of my visit."

"She borrowed the volume of Sherlock Holmes from the library herself. She informed me. She is certain that she did not see that photograph between the leaves of the book."

"She inquired of each of her boarders (she only has five—four young men and a middle-aged spinster), but none of them was willing to admit having put the picture in the book. In fact they denied that they had ever seen the volume of Sherlock Holmes."

"I tried to 'girl' her as well as I could, you see, to have loaned me the picture, you know; it would have been much more satisfactory, and she couldn't recollect ever having seen such a young woman."

"She doesn't know any Italians, either with villainous aspects or without. She has never had an Italian boarder, she was ready to swear. Four of her present boarders are Americans and one a German. I interviewed each of them, of course, but without result."

"Thus, you see, old man, that we are no further advanced than we were before we got that clue from the librarian. It isn't going to be such a simple matter to find the fair lady of the photograph, after all."

"It's mighty queer," gasped Wilbur. "How the dickens could that picture have got into the library book? Somebody must have put it there."

"Of course somebody did. The question is, who is that somebody? And I'm going to find the answer to that question, as sure as my name is Steve Clayton."

As Wilbur and his companion left the restaurant and walked toward Maiden lane they suddenly became aware of the fact that they were being followed.

"It was Clayton who first made this discovery. 'Don't turn around too suddenly,' he whispered to his friend, 'but when you get a chance to do so, without attracting attention, take a peep behind you and look who is trailing us.'"

Wilbur, with elaborate carelessness, glanced over his shoulder and was amazed to find the villainous looking Italian close behind them.

"Recognize him, eh?" said Clayton. "What do you think about that? He is after that picture, of course. Pretty persistent chaps, isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose Arthur Barrington has told him I've got the photograph in my pocket, and he's made it his mind to try to get it from me. Do you think he will dare to attack us in this crowded street?"

"I don't know. It'd be a fool to attempt it, of course; but he looks desperate enough for anything. If you've got the time, old man, I'd advise you to step into this hardware store and purchase a revolver. It might be just as well for you to go about armed, when you've got a fellow like that to deal with."

"Even if he doesn't attempt to molest you now, he may follow you home and attack you when he gets a chance. Besides, after the burglary of last night it might be just as well for you to keep a weapon in your house in future."

"That's a good suggestion," Wilbur assented, "I haven't got much time. I've been away from the office ever an hour already, and Frank Barrington is waiting for me to return so that he can get out of it himself. Still, I think I'll take the time to step in here and buy a gun. As you say, it might come in

mighty useful. I don't like that fellow's looks at all, and I am determined not to lose that photograph, even if I have to commit murder in order to retain possession of it."

"It wouldn't be murder. It would be justifiable homicide, the other assured him, as they entered the store. Wilbur purchased a revolver and some cartridges and, loading the weapon, turned to his friend with a grin.

"That fellow had better not try any of his tricks on me now," he remarked. "Look out for yourself on your way home tonight, old chap."

"I'll keep a sharp lookout," replied Wilbur, and the two friends parted. Clayton promising to visit Leslie at his home that evening.

When Wilbur returned to the office a surprise awaited him.

The lock of his desk had been forced during his absence. The contents of the desk were in a state of confusion, though somebody had been conducting a hasty search.

Bewildered, he turned to Danny, the errand boy, who had turned out all morning, but had returned while Wilbur was at lunch.

"How long have you been back, Danny?" he inquired.

"About half an hour," replied the boy. "I have been monkeying with the desk while I was waiting," demanded Wilbur, sternly.

"Yes, sir, of course, I ain't," replied Danny, sheepishly.

"Did you see anybody at my desk?"

"Nobody except the boss."

"Which boss?" demanded Wilbur, eagerly.

"Mr. Arthur. He was sitting there when I came in."

"What was he doing here, Danny?"

"No, I didn't get no chance to notice. As soon as I came into the office Mr. Arthur sent me out to get him a package of cigars. When I came back he was gone. He didn't even wait for the smokes. He ain't been back since."

"Ah!" exclaimed Wilbur, and scowled as a suspicion of the truth dawned upon him.

"This sort of thing has got to stop," he muttered. "I've had about as much of it as I intend to stand. I haven't got time to waste. I am going to look after that photograph myself. I suppose he had an idea that I was fool enough to look that picture in my desk and that's why he forced it open."

"He and his friend of the evil countenance certainly must want that photograph mighty badly. I wonder what their game can be? I wonder if that beautiful girl is in danger. I wonder if I am going to have the good fortune to meet her?"

His reverie was interrupted by a sound of footsteps in the outside corridor. The footstep halted outside the office door. The door opened very slowly, as though moved by somebody who wished to enter.

Then something surprising happened—something which caused Wilbur to start. The door opened and a man fell back limp in his chair, blinking his eyes like a man who rashly tries to stare at the sun.

A young girl entered the office—a tall, slender, graceful young girl, with large blue eyes and the most beautiful face Wilbur had ever gazed upon.

He did not have to consult the picture he had found in the library book to find that this was the girl of his dreams—the original of the photograph surrounding which there was so much mystery.

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of This Paper.

FAMILY, RUM, OR JAIL? WIFE AND BABES WIN

Judge De Lacy Makes It Known in Juvenile Court That John Barleycorn Has Not First Allegiance on Husbands.

A man can't fight for his wife and children and engage in fistfights with Mr. Rum at the same time; not if he ever has to face Judge De Lacy in the Juvenile Court charged with non-support.

All of which came to the notice of C. V. Rich quite suddenly, very much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Rich and ultimately to the gratification of Judge De Lacy.

Mr. Rich is a plasterer when he's sober and the head of a household of three at all times. He makes, according to his own confession \$4 a day—some days. He expressed great ignorance as to his average income when

asked for this bit of information by Judge De Lacy, but he admitted that he made quite enough to support his wife and family.

"But you don't make enough to support the whisky habit and your family too," remarked the magistrate. "And since your first duty is to them, and not to whisky I am going to release you if you promise to take the pledge and keep sober for one year."

Mr. Rich took the pledge with alacrity, then shook hands shamefacedly with his wife and departed from the court room smiling. He found it easier to keep his wife and children than fight Mr. Demon-rum, especially when Judge De Lacy and the workhouse loomed in the background.

STATESMEN HURT BY PRESS—BURTON

Public Men Misjudged Through Wrong Reports, Says Senator.

That public men of America are sadly misjudged is the belief of Senator Theodore Burton of Ohio, who last night made that statement in a speech before the Mt. Pleasant Congregational Church Club meeting.

Senator Burton was the principal speaker at the meeting, and he declared that many wrong opinions of the public men were formed because of the reports of Congress and the doings of its members.

"This he did not attribute to wilful misrepresentation on the part of the press, but to the fact that the exigencies of present-day newspaper work are such that many times in his belief, haste forms such an important part of it that it is impossible to be accurate."

"Further than this," the Senator said, "the American public has formed a taste for the novel, the sensational and the entertaining. Anticipating this demand for the new and up-to-date, the press furnishes what the public asks for."

"Another fault is that nowadays a man is judged too much by what he possesses in the way of wealth, rather than by what he does or what he is."

Before the speech of Senator Burton the Rev. Ross M. Fishburn, pastor of the church, held a reception. Mrs. A. D. Melvin sang, and the Rev. Dr. S. H. Woodrow, president of the club, made an address of welcome.

At the election, the Rev. Woodrow was re-elected president. The three vice presidents are the Rev. Ross M. Fishburn, the Rev. J. L. Elwell, and the Rev. Franklin Noble. G. M. McPherson and Charles C. Lamborn were re-elected secretary and treasurer.

MUCH RUM ABLAZE.
DANVILLE, Ky., March 23.—Fire starting in the main warehouse of the Searey's distillery, at McBrayer, destroyed 28,000 barrels of whisky, valued at \$300,000. Two warehouses of the distilling plant were also destroyed.

CHOICE OF BOWERS STIRS UP OHIOANS

Chicago Man Selected for Post Thought to Belong to Wade H. Ellis.

Members of the Ohio delegation today are downcast at the announcement that on Thursday, President Taft will send the nomination of Lloyd Wheaton Bowers, of Chicago, to the Senate for the place as solicitor general of the United States.

It was expected that this appointment would go to Wade H. Ellis, of Ohio. The entire State delegation, in both houses, had endorsed the candidacy of Ellis, and it is known that his selection was urged upon President Taft in a way that left no room for doubt as to the sincerity of his supporters.

The only consolation left the Ohioans is that the selection was made, so it is said, at the instigation of Attorney General Wickham, who, with the other members of the Cabinet, seem to have been given to understand that they may make their own selection of aids for the work that is to be done for the next four years.

One further complaint that is made by many Ohioans is that the new solicitor general is the fourth important appointment that has been made from Chicago. Bowers lives within a stone's throw of Franklin MacVeagh's show residence on the Lake Shore drive, and within a few blocks of Secretary of War Dickinson's place on Erie street.

Bowers has been the general counsel for the Chicago and Northwestern railway for the last seventeen years. He was born in Springfield, Mass., in 1839, and was graduated from Yale in '78. Later he took a law course in Columbia Law School, in New York, practicing in that city for two years.

He moved from there to Winona, Minn., whence he went to Chicago, in 1892. In 1897, in Winona, he married Miss Louise Wilson, who died ten years later leaving two children. He is an expert golf player, belonging to the Onwentsia and Skokie Clubs, is a member of the Chicago Athletic Association, and University Club, and is prominent in the Chicago Bar Association, being its president in 1900 and 1901.

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